

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1871.

## The Week.

THERE has been a Civil Service scandal during the week, which is worth notice, in the shape of a complaint addressed to the public, through the *Independent*, by the Rev. Dr. Strang, an American missionary in Egypt, touching the conduct of our Consul-General there, Mr. George H. Butler, a nephew of Mr. B. F. Butler, and the successor, be it remembered, of such men as Mr. Thayer and Mr. Hale. It appears from Dr. Strang's statement that the Consul-General, among other peccadilloes, forced the consuls and vice-consuls to purchase their appointments from him, through the instrumentality of a Jew named Strologo, with whom he presumptively shared the spoils. The belief of the American community is that the only man who obtained his appointment without paying for it is a gentleman who entertained the Consul-General "in a three days' drunken revel." He, Butler, and Strologo afterwards made a tour together in the upper country, and the simple Egyptians were a good deal astonished to find that the entertainment most relished by the American dignitary was exhibitions of dancing-girls in *puris naturalibus*. In some places their demands even shocked the Egyptian police, who are not purists. Dr. Strang also accuses Mr. Butler of lending his official aid to the prosecution of a notoriously fraudulent claim against the Egyptian government. We ought to add that Mr. G. H. Butler was a very notorious person in this city before his appointment, and that it would take a great deal more proof than is forthcoming to satisfy people that the President knew nothing of his character when he appointed him.

The gloomy forebodings with which we spoke last week of the condition of affairs in the Woman's Rights camp were only too fully justified a day or two later by the commencement of a libel suit against the *Christian Union*, on the part of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, who complains and alleges that she has suffered damage to the extent of \$250,000 by reason of allusions to her in a tale of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's, published in that paper, under the pseudonym of "Dacia Dangereyes," in which Mrs. Stowe expresses plainly the opinion that Dacia's adhesion to the woman suffrage movement, and the love and admiration she excites among the other sisters engaged in it, do not encourage the belief that the enfranchisement of women will "purify and elevate politics." We are greatly afraid the suit will never be tried, but the bringing of it will serve as a useful advertisement for Mrs. Woodhull's *Weekly*. Mrs. Stowe, we believe, is pretty sick of the "movement," and, if we are not misinformed, Mr. Beecher does not consider it savory, though their names are still trumpeted on the platform among those of the faithful.

The circumstances of Mr. Vallandigham's death—he accidentally shot himself with a pistol—would have been sufficient to moderate the post-mortem judgments passed upon him by his opponents; but his last political act had done so much to heighten their respect for him that it has been left for another generation to speak of him with a frankness which is now unnecessary, and which might seem harsh. We have attempted elsewhere to trace in his career the better side of American politics and politicians. In his early training there was nothing remarkable. He received such an education as a Western college affords, or did afford thirty years ago; taught for some time at an academy in Maryland; edited a political paper at Dayton, Ohio, and practised law at the same time; and followed the latter profession in the intervals of office-holding, both in his own State and in Congress, down to the day of his death. They must be few who are not glad that death came to him in the shape it did, rather than as a consequence of his reckless, violent, and—posterity may have to say—wicked conduct during the rebellion.

A Philadelphia subscriber has favored us with an angry letter respecting a paragraph in the *Nation* of June 8, on a political movement in that city which arises out of a quarrel over the "Public Building Commission." He defends with unnecessary eagerness the personal character of the members of the Commission, which we did not attack, and which has nothing to do at present with the matter as viewed from our standpoint. He assures us, moreover, that "there are two sides of the Public Building question, entirely distinct from the question of local politics with which you have entangled it." We have never doubted the existence of two sides to every question; and the "entanglement" of this one with local politics is none of our doing, but is the work of some of the best citizens of Philadelphia. When we see men representing the best elements of both political parties, such for instance as Alexander Henry and Richard Vaux, prominently co-operating in any movement of which the avowed object is to rescue the people of a large city from the domination of the "men inside politics," by electing the best candidates to office, our sympathies are inevitably enlisted in favor of the attempt, and we shall not fail to watch it, in the hope that it may be wisely conducted and may achieve whatever success it deserves.

The bonding of towns in the interest of railroad enterprises has been carried in Vermont to a finer point than, so far as our knowledge goes, in any other State. The clumsy process of a public vote, after open discussion in town meeting, has, in a certain place, been superseded by taking round a paper for the signatures of registered voters. The parties who give themselves this trouble, to save people the greater inconvenience of going to the polls, are, of course, the railroad managers or their agents. They thus have a clear field for an *ex-parte* statement of their case, and, as they labor with each voter separately, find it not difficult to persuade a majority of them to sign the document which is to bind the town. Whether or not they are at the pains to make a thorough canvass, not omitting to solicit any voter, whether known to be for or against the proposed action, we are not informed. They might, however, just as well stop when they have secured the requisite number of signatures, inasmuch as they have usurped all the other prerogatives of a self-governing community. Be this as it may, the credit of the town is declared pledged, and apparently the effort will be made to have it assume the bonds which it has in this way incurred. We are assured, however, that the case will be brought into court sooner, and there we cannot doubt what the judgment will be.

The excitement in the cotton market is the chief feature of interest in commercial circles. The importance of this staple is so great that the prospects of the crop directly or indirectly affect all our chief commercial and financial interests, and hence the market is watched with as much attention as the gold market used to receive in days gone by. The very conflicting accounts concerning the weather at the South—we must do the *Financial Chronicle* the justice to acknowledge—are explained by the fact that the correspondents of that journal report every shower or fall of rain during the day, while the officers of the Signal Bureau telegraph only the condition of the weather at specified hours. There can be no doubt, however, that the unfavorable aspect of the weather has been generally exaggerated by the speculative fraternity, and that the rain of which such dread accounts have been given has been less severe than during the same period of last year. The Agricultural Bureau, which had an excellent opportunity to distinguish itself, succeeded in combining almost every possible variety of blunder. Its report leaked out a week or more before its official publication, and, although repeatedly denied, materially affected the market. When published, its results were found to agree very nearly with the early statements of its contents, while some of its facts are impugned, and the conclusions drawn from them seem scarcely tenable.

The true state of the case seems to be this: Under the low prices prevailing this spring, and somewhat influenced by the incessant preachings of economists of the Greeley school, many cotton planters confined their cotton to the most favorable fields, putting corn on the poorer soils. The extent to which this has been done is variously estimated at from five to fifteen per cent. of the total acreage of cotton planted last year. But it would be a grave error to anticipate a corresponding reduction in the yield. The smaller acreage includes all the choice lands; the lesser area will be better cultivated, and, more important than all, the labor will suffice to pick all the cotton raised, which has scarcely ever before been the case. Beyond this fact of reduced acreage, nothing is positive. The weather is not unfavorable, and it is too early to form any estimates concerning the crop probabilities. There is reason enough, outside of the weather, for the advance that has taken place in cotton. With a supply of one million bales in excess of last year, the stocks on hand, in spite of wars and revolutions, have increased only about 300,000 bales, showing that with peace a supply even equal to that of last year would not satisfy the consumption at recent low prices. This is unquestionably the true reason of the advance.

Besides the cotton movement, the foreign commerce of the country shows a liberal export of tobacco at advancing prices, and of breadstuffs and provisions at lower figures. The crop advices from the continent of Europe are more favorable; and at home the prospects are for a more than average crop. General trade is dull; real estate dull and feverish, with occasional spasmodic movements; coal and iron dull and declining. Even the continued activity of the new railroads is unequal to the supply of iron from our domestic furnaces, and the protected smelters are clamorous for more "protection" to save them from loss. The imports continue very heavy, and the foreign exchanges consequently firm.

The examination of prisoners and seizure of documents prove pretty clearly the correctness of the belief that the International Association was at the bottom of the Paris insurrection, and the best observers concur in the opinion, which has been more than once expressed in these columns, that its failure, so far from bringing the Association into discredit with the classes from which it derives its support, will help to swell its numbers and resources. To have played such a conspicuous part and for three months held the French army at bay, although it was by a mere stroke of luck they got the means of doing so, will give the leaders a great prestige with the mass of their followers, and raise their expectations to a pitch they have never reached. A writer to the *London Times*, who professes to have the evidence in his hands, sets down the numbers of the members of the Association at 2,500,000, scattered through the various European countries. The Berlin correspondent of the same paper, an unusually well-informed and accurate observer, and himself a German, says that although the German press shrinks from acknowledging it, there is no doubt in men's minds in Germany that the Parisian horrors were the work of socialism, and not, as people there try to believe, simply the result of French folly and bloodthirstiness; and there is just as little that socialist ideas have got a strong hold on the German working-classes, and are operating now in producing strikes in increased numbers and bitterness, and in creating growing hostility between class and class, which will end God knows how. Bismarck affected to treat the declarations on this point of a socialist deputy from Saxony with scorn the other day in the Reichsrath, but he probably did so because he could not think of any better way of dealing with them, and not because he thought there was nothing behind them. One good result of the alarm is visible already in the exertions of some of the Berlin manufacturers, headed by Dr. Engel, head of the Prussian Statistical Department, to promote the system of industrial partnerships—that is, the admission of workmen to a share in the profits. It cannot be said too often or too earnestly to all politicians, capitalists, financiers, and philanthropists, that unless, while it is yet time, they give their earnest attention to the substitution of co-operation, in some form or other, for the present mode of dividing profits with the laborer, we shall witness in every country the alienation of the working-classes not only from the employing class, but from the very principles on which our civilization rests, and such a

disorganization of industry as a barbarian invasion would hardly bring about.

The question of the extradition of the Communists has been agitating the public mind in European countries, and especially in Belgium and England, ever since the fighting ceased. Belgium and Spain promised, on the demand of the French Government, to deliver up the refugees as criminals. Switzerland said that each case should be decided on its merits, and in England the matter is under advisement. There can hardly be a doubt, however, that the offences of the Communists are sufficiently political in their character to entitle them to the right of asylum. Their means, no doubt, were horrible, but then, if any foreign government undertook to decide what operations in civil war are justifiable or military merely, and what criminal, it would make the offer of refuge to political offenders which every constitutional government holds out farcical. There is hardly any ground on which the present French Government might demand the surrender of Pyat and Grousset on which they might not also demand that of the elderly criminal who is enjoying himself at Chislehurst, is the recipient of attentions at the hands of the royal family, and was presented the other day with a blasphemous address from a batch of clergymen, hoping he would go back and save France from an "infidel republic." There is not a member of the Central Committee who is not far more respectable than he; and that so much blood of the poor, and ignorant, and miserable should be flowing in the gutters of Paris while he was being patted on the back by courtiers and ministers of the Gospel in England, is one of the spectacles which do much to shake the faith of the masses in our system of morals, and make them ready tools in the hands of every incendiary and adventurer who gets a hearing from them.

The testimony of observers of the late events in Paris is unanimous, absolutely unanimous, as to the large part which women played, not in the fighting only, but in the awful atrocities by which the fighting was accompanied and followed. The women of the Commune not only defended the barricades, but they played the leading part in setting fire to the houses and in plundering when the fighting was over. Moreover, they assassinated officers and men by felon shots after the surrender, and it seems to be well authenticated that a body of them treated soldiers to poisoned wine. In fact, the troops met with no such red-hot hate from the men as that which the women showed them, and the correspondents testify to the extremely "ladylike" and respectable appearance of many of the furies who were taken in the act of throwing petroleum. But this is not all. When these ladies were taken, as they were taken, in bands down to Versailles by the troops, they were received by large and infuriated crowds thirsting for their blood, and eager to mob them, and in these crowds the women were again foremost in the display of diabolical rage. On this point, too, the testimony is overwhelming. The Versailles women have equalled the Communist women in stimulating the savagery of the men. Even the wounded Communist prisoners were assailed by them with the bloodthirstiness of Indian squaws on roasting-day. One correspondent saw "a young and pretty woman" strike at a disabled prisoner with her parasol as he lay on the stretcher. Now, according to the theories to which our friends of the Woman's Rights agitation treat us, the strong interest felt by the women in this conflict, and the large and unprecedented part they have taken in carrying it on, ought to have lent it a character of peculiar gentleness. The Communist women ought to have been found in the hospitals during the fight, manning the fire-engines when it was over, and throwing themselves between the Versailles bayonets and their lovers and husbands and brothers. Down at Versailles, too, the hapless Communist prisoners ought to have met looks of pity in every female face, and the "women of order" ought to have worked might and main to stay the conqueror's murderous hand in the last awful hours of the conflict. Women have purified literature and the drawing-room, as our friend *Harper's Weekly* tells us; so they will also purify politics, take the bitterness, hatred, and malice out of its strife. Now, we respectfully invite the champions of the suffrage movement to say whether they think, on the whole, such facts as are turning up bear out their theories. In those cases in which the com-



mon run of women (not the Howes, Motts, Livermores, be it remembered) have taken an active and interested part in political movements, have they helped to humanize and refine the struggle; or have they helped to give it fresh fierceness, and kindle about it the very flames of hell? Do the facts of experience favor the belief that it is well for women to take part in that portion of the work of life which consists in debate and contention, or, in other words, in struggling for power? What about the Southern women?

Elections are once more the absorbing theme of public discussion in France, with Paris as usual for the principal battle-field. The Left of the National Assembly was among the first to publish a manifesto, in which monarchy, the monarchical majority in the Assembly, the late misrule of the Bonapartists, and the intrigues of the Clericals and Legitimists in favor both of the Bourbons and the Pope, were severely denounced. This document was received with applause by a number of journals, but its effect was weakened by an address issued by the Radicals, which endeavored "to excuse the Commune." Eighteen journals thereupon united in constituting an electoral committee for the support of non-partisan candidates "whose careers are guarantees that they will support law and order." This programme was rejected by the distinctively Republican portion of the press as covertly aiming at the restoration of the throne, and a counter-manifesto was issued, declaring the Republic to be the only rational and legitimate expression of the national sovereignty, and monarchy to imply its abdication. The signers of this appeal promised their support to candidates pledged to uphold the *status quo*. The Internationals, too, in spite of the crushing defeat they lately suffered, were bold enough to appear with electoral programmes, one of which, whose genuineness it is permitted to suspect, even went so far as to "accept the responsibility for the conflagrations."

Among the chosen or self-constituted candidates belonging to the various parties are mentioned Generals Cissey, Faidherbe, and Uhrich—the last "as a permanent protest against the annexation of Strasbourg to Germany"—About, now a most violent defender of order; the once prominent imperialists, Magne and Abbatiucci; old Odilon Barrot, who, in 1848, powerfully though unwittingly contributed to the overthrow of the throne of Louis Philippe, and in vain endeavored to save it for the Comte de Paris, the king's grandson; and the Duc de Chartres, the younger brother of the latter. Some of these electoral details, however, may belong to the unsifted class of "personals" of which the Cable has of late been so prodigal, and which embraces, among others, the multifarious versions of the arrest, execution, surrender, suicide, disappearance, reappearance, etc., of such noted Commune chiefs as Billioray, Grousset, La Cecilia, Pyat, and Cluseret, about whose fate something more definite ought to be ascertainable by this time.

"The men of the Fourth of September," as the members of the "Government of the National Defence" are called, are becoming every day objects of greater and greater execration in France, as might naturally have been expected, and the Assembly at Versailles is growing more and more impatient over having any of them in the Ministry, particularly Jules Favre, who, after vowing magniloquently that the Germans should never have a "stone of a fortress, or an inch of territory," has himself signed the treaty of peace. There is, of course, just now a general outcry that they ought to have made peace after Sedan, when they might have got far better terms than they got at last, besides avoiding the tremendous disasters of the winter campaign; and Prince Napoleon, who has kept very quiet ever since the war broke out, has very dexterously stepped in just at this juncture, when he is sure to have a strong force of public opinion with him, and has written Favre a letter, heaping reproaches on him and his colleagues, first, for having overturned the regular government in the presence of the enemy; next, for having themselves tried to govern at a most momentous crisis, without an appeal to the country; and lastly, for having governed without capacity or success, and brought ruin on the nation. The letter is an admirable piece of vituperative rhetoric, and almost every one of its reproaches is well-grounded; all that can be said against it is, that

it is a singular document to come from a Bonapartist. But it is true that the country ought not to tolerate the presence of Favre and his colleagues in power one minute longer than can be helped. No punishment is too severe for men who, finding themselves converted into a provisional government by a street mob, deliberately took on themselves the responsibility, in virtue of authority thus bestowed, of carrying on a bloody war without consulting the nation, or giving it a chance of expressing an opinion. We greatly fear, however, it is Favre's and Gambetta's want of success, and not their usurpations, which has damned them in French eyes.

The Germans celebrated their victories over France by the triumphal entry of selected portions of their armies into Berlin, and by a number of more or less antiquated monarchical pageants and festivities, on the 16th and 18th of this month. The capital of the German Empire was crowded with deputations from all its provinces, and with various visitors from all countries, and the whole affair proved, in the language of the day, a brilliant success. The main feature of the display was the unveiling of an equestrian statue of Frederic William III., the father of the Emperor, who was, of course, the real lion of the occasion. Of his military advisers, the Minister of War, Von Roon, was elevated to the rank of Count of the Empire, and Count Moltke was made Field-Marshal of the Imperial Army. No new honors were bestowed upon Prince Bismarck. That the great majority not only of the witnesses of the celebration, but of the German people, felt both happy and proud on those days can hardly be doubted; but it is almost equally certain that the liberal minority must have been not a little mortified by the strongly feudal aspect of the ceremonies. That minority was, besides, still smarting under the blow dealt its not over-sanguine political expectations by the late imperious intervention of Bismarck in the debates on the Alsace and Lorraine Bill. The Emperor, in his speech from the throne closing the session, on the 15th, endeavored, it is true, to soothe the excited feelings of the opposition, and his utterances, during the celebration, were all dignified and expressive of moderation and love of peace; but the growing conviction of the men of progress in Germany that the victories and union of Germany are to be paid for by considerable sacrifices of freedom, and that the temporary dictators of Alsace and Lorraine are to be, for a time, also the dictators of the new empire, can, we presume, not easily be repressed.

Spanish finances, which have been for forty years a byword and a reproach, show at last some symptoms of revival. The floating debt, which was \$125,000,000 when Isabella was driven out, has been reduced to \$85,000,000. The revenue has fallen off since the revolution, as is not wonderful considering what the state of the country has been, by over \$10,000,000, but then the expenditure has been reduced by nearly \$24,000,000; the interest on the public debt, however, has increased by \$1,700,000 (we give the round numbers). The most favorable symptoms in the situation as it stands at present are an increase in certain branches of the revenue, a rise in the public funds, and the reintroduction of Spanish securities upon the markets of London, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, and Paris, from which they have been excluded with disgrace for many years, and their appearance in places like Lisbon, where they had previously been totally unknown; the returns from the customs, too, have notably increased, in spite of a considerable diminution in the duties, to which we drew attention in the *Nation* at the time (March 25, 1869). The new government found duties levied on 736 articles, and struck 400 of them from the list, and lowered the rate about 25 per cent. on the remainder, besides abolishing the navigation laws. The new tariff came into force only August 1, 1869, and the result has been very remarkable. Not only have the total returns risen in amount, but the importations of the raw material, in certain branches of industry, which were notably opposed to the change—the cotton manufacture, for instance—have greatly increased. The importations of wool, cotton, and raw silk have nearly doubled, and those of coal, which only reached 181,881 tons in 1868, reached last year 246,449.

## THE LESSON OF VALLANDIGHAM'S CAREER.

ANY ONE who is inclined to take a gloomy view of the tendencies of American politics can hardly help having his courage strengthened and his hopes revived, when he looks at the career of the late Mr. Vallandigham, and reads the judgment upon it that his untimely end has called forth.

There could hardly be a better sign of the radical healthiness of American political life, and a better justification of the confidence with which the great body of the people look into the future, than that career, in spite of its faults, nay, in virtue of its faults, affords. It is a very great thing, in the first place, that in a time of such excitement as that in which Mr. Vallandigham first made himself notorious, men should have been found as ready to profess unpopular opinions as he showed himself, without incurring any worse penalties than those which overtook him. In no other country, and in no other state of society, could a man have risen up as he did to denounce a cause for which his neighbors were perishing by the thousand, without having any worse thing to fear than contemptuous exile. But it would be unjust to him to say or insinuate that his course was in any degree influenced by a knowledge of the lightness of the punishment that awaited him. His audacity was in no degree diminished by the good-natured scorn of the Government. There is nothing in the man's character, as we now know it, to warrant the belief that he would have flinched in the least degree from the expression of his opinions even if the gibbet or the shooting-party had stared him in the face. He had, beyond all question, civil courage in the highest degree; and when we say this of any man who lives in a community in which the temptation to go with the crowd is strong, and to most natures overwhelming, it is to accord him the very highest praise. To say it of any man is to say that he plays one of the most useful parts that a man can play in a democracy. He is a valuable citizen who gives form and substance to what the mass of his countrymen are thinking and feeling. He is a valuable citizen too—hardly less valuable, we were going to say—who tells them boldly what they would hate to think, and can hardly bear to listen to; and it is an excellent symptom that such men have never been wanting at any period of American history, have never failed to be listened to, and even in the worst times have suffered little, if anything, in mind, body, or estate. If we wished to give any one a vivid and true conception of the smallness of the extent to which, after all, the working of the machinery of constitutional government was interrupted by the war, and of the small importance even of the temporary disregard of constitutional forms, as long as the political habits of a free people are unshaken, we should put into his hands an edition of Vallandigham's speeches during the late war, and an account of his trial and condemnation by a court-martial.

His conduct during the war, however, was by no means what was most remarkable or most instructive in his life; the most valuable and the most *symptomatic* incident in it was undoubtedly the readiness to adapt himself to altered circumstances which was displayed by the "new departure," which he originated and supported in his last days. The high spirit, the self-confidence, the pugnacity, the strength of conviction, which made him during the rebellion the bitterest of copperheads, would in European politics have made him what is there called "an irreconcilable." He never would have forgiven his persecutors, and, so far from receding from any of his original demands, would have added something to them every year he lived. He would have created for himself a system of morals in which to hate and conspire would have been the first duties. He would in his own eyes have gradually grown out of an humble martyr into an avenging angel sent to smite and to revile. He would no more have thought of accepting the constitutional amendments, or of modifying any opinion that he ever had held about the causes, conduct, or results of the war, than of betraying his mother. He would therefore have passed the remainder of his days as a fomentor of disorder, and an apostle of distrust and confusion; he would have managed to shake the confidence, no less of his enemies than of his disciples, in the political system under which he lived, to beget even among the law-abiding that doubt about the future which, still more than the machinations of the lawless, helps to ruin free governments.

He had, however, in spite of his fury and his bitterness, that happy want of logic, that inbred consciousness of the falsehood of extremes, that invaluable and never-failing perception of the fact that government, instead of being the end for which society exists, is simply a means of making our lives comfortable and the free exercise of our faculties secure, which is the chief political characteristic of the race to which he belonged, which has done more for the United States than climate or soil, or coal or iron, or river or forest, and which, and not fleets or armies or constitution or laws, will form to the latest ages the great guarantee of their liberty and prosperity.

In ceasing to fight when fighting was useless, in ceasing to argue when the judge had decided, in accepting accomplished facts, in concentrating all his interest in the present hour, he proved himself to be a real politician in the best sense of the word—the kind of politician to which the great mass of the American people belong. The way in which the South succumbed after the war, the suddenness of its overthrow and the completeness of its submission, were signs of political ability such as no other people have ever shown, and these marks of capacity were equalled by the total absence from Northern dealings with it of the usual indications of rancor. Indeed, the only expression of "Latin" wrongheadedness and folly to be met with in the discussions which followed the war was the talk about "repentance," as a condition precedent of pardon and amnesty, and even that did not last long, and was only heard of from few mouths. The tendency to fancy himself the vicegerent of the Almighty, and to expect his enemies to put their necks under his heel, and confess their sins and wickednesses, which is the besetting sin of the Frenchman when he finds himself in power, no American ever displays, or displays long, without exciting laughter among the bystanders. Even "the Apostle John of Salvation by Impeachment" has to put his tongue in his cheek nowadays when he begins to talk of "a change of heart" on the part of Southerners—as necessary to a complete restoration of civil government at the South. The disfranchisement has been maintained foolishly long, as we think, but still on the good old ground of expediency; not as a bit of divine chastisement, but as a measure of public safety. Mr. Vallandigham, with all his wrongheadedness, never lost his sight of this purely mundane character of the politician's mission. His business is to persuade, and not to preach; and if he finds he cannot persuade, his duty is to make the best of it.

There is another lesson, which we do not say is to be learnt from Mr. Vallandigham's career, but which, certainly, it brings prominently before us, and that is the virtue of talk in politics. If the other nations of the world had only a tithe of the faith in it, as a redresser of wrongs, and an amender of constitutions, and an assuager of malice, and reconciler of differences, the greatest fountain of human misery would be dried up. We have, perhaps, too much of it. If a large band of American Blatherskites would go abroad as missionaries and teach the European heathen how much better it is, and how much more effective in the long run, to inflict speeches on each other than to cut each other's throats, we could certainly spare them, and they could make a most impressive statement of their case. The sword settles things, to be sure—settles many things which nothing else can settle—but it does not settle them with that completeness with which they are settled by the tongue. There are often sects and parties which would face a world in arms, and fight while a man was left to stand behind a hedge or a barricade; but any party which finds the majority of the stump orators on the enemy's side, and finds that it is being denounced steadily, week in and week out, by the *Tom-tom*, the *Blatherskite*, and the *Blanket Sheet*, cannot keep up its courage long. It may be that the foe has neither logic, nor wit, nor knowledge, but if he has the longest tongue, the game is tolerably sure. The noise, if it does not bring conviction, sooner or later brings weariness of the subject, and a passionate desire for a quiet life. Thousands of Democrats who are now going to acquiesce in the changes wrought by the war, are no more convinced of the constitutionality of them, or of the expediency of them, than they ever were; but the damnable iteration is too much for them. The immortal mind may be never so mulish, the nerves give way at last.



## THE FUTURE OF CAPITAL.

THE *London Spectator* said, the other day, what we must all acknowledge, melancholy as it is, to be true, that, if the performances of the Commune do nothing else, they will do a great deal to secure a more persistent and earnest attention from the public at large for the reconciliation of labor and capital. The rising of June, 1848, caused Louis Napoleon to provide a substitute for the national workshops, by reconstructing a large portion of Paris at the public expense. The Fenian risings produced the state of mind in England which at last made it possible to disestablish the Irish Church and to amend the Irish land-laws. It is very likely now that the bloody work in Paris will do much towards convincing people—not that the theories of the Commune can or ought ever to be embodied in legislation—but that the fact that large bodies of men hold such theories is a serious fact which it will not do to slight or ignore, and with which intelligent and philanthropic men must make some attempt to deal. There is nothing of which the world is at this moment so greatly in need as peace and harmony between classes; no great advance in civilization beyond the point we have already reached is possible till this is brought about in some way. Two systems of industry have been tried thus far, the protective and the competitive, and neither of them has settled or shows any sign of settling the relations between labor and capital on a satisfactory basis. Under both, the capitalist is growing very rich and powerful; under neither is the condition of the workingman ceasing to be precarious and uncomfortable, and under neither does the contrast between his condition and that of the employer become less striking and exasperating. If we take any of the great branches of industry which the steam engine has called into existence, coal, iron, cotton, and wool, we find that, taking the civilized world as a whole, while a very large number of great fortunes have been made in them by the capitalist class, and while the habits of that class have grown very luxurious, and nearly all the good things of life, including political power, have largely fallen or are falling to it, the condition of the working-people engaged in them has not materially changed, or, at all events, has not improved in anything like the same degree. Their houses are perhaps a little better, their clothes a little cheaper, and their savings a little larger than they used to be, but the workingman's share of the pleasures and graces and refinements of life, and, above all, the distance which separates him and his family from want, has not much increased within fifty years under either the régime of free-trade or protection. In this country, the contrast between the laborer's condition and that of the capitalist is not so striking, or to the workingman so offensive, as in Europe, because, partly owing to the state of society here, and partly to the natural resources of the country, the passage from the one class to the other is easy and constantly made; but the tendencies which people are exploring in Europe are at work here, though less actively. We have our trades-unions, labor reformers, and so on, just as they have in Europe, but we have also fertile waste lands which they have not in Europe; and this takes the fizz and sparkle out of the preachings of our demagogues and blatherskites for the present; but the waste lands will not last always or last long, and we are almost as much concerned as any people in having the labor question settled out of hand.

We do not believe, as our readers know, that anything is likely to be done towards this desirable consummation by legislation; we believe liberty to be the only sound and safe and permanent basis for industry, the liberty to buy and sell, and make and mend, where, when, and how we please. We believe, too, that any attempt to provide by law any other measure of a man's deserts in the social state than the amount of his own labor, or the value put on the product of his labor by his fellows in free and open market, would in the long run be destructive to civilization, or at least to *our* civilization. A society in which the majority decided what I was to do, and how much I was to get for it, and in what manner I should expend my earnings, might exist, and enjoy a certain kind of prosperity, we freely admit. But it would not be a healthy society, or a society through which humanity at large would advance. It would not be a society in which human character would gain in strength, or foresight, or persistence, or in which human intellect would gain in

power or flexibility, or in which the stores of human experience would be enriched. It would be a dull, dead, monotonous, bald, and barren society, fat and well clothed, no doubt, but with few aims or aspirations above those of a settlement of beavers or prairie-dogs. We hold, therefore, that any men, or body of men, who seek to substitute such a state of society for the one in which we now live, are to be opposed by all moral and mental agencies at our command, as long as they confine themselves to agitation and argument; and whenever they attempt it by force, as they do in France, we hold that if war be ever lawful for any object whatever, it is lawful to wage war upon them, and destroy them to any extent that may be necessary to secure peace. Of all the pernicious and immoral talk of the day, none is, to our mind, more pernicious, absurd, or immoral than that which claims a peculiar sanctity or reverence for the folly or violence of workingmen, or poor men, as such, and which excuses and defends, in a workingman or a poor man, crimes and absurdities which would damn any other men to infamy, and convert any other men into public enemies. Doubtless, at the bar of Supreme Justice a murdering ruffian like Rigault, the Public Prosecutor of the Commune, who spent his last night on earth arranging for the slaughter of innocent "hostages," will have all proper allowances made for his trials and temptations and congenital imperfections; but it behooves the sober, sensible, industrious members of the human race, to whose care civilization is committed, to remember above all things, in dealing with such people, that it is not their duty to measure out to Rigault and the like of him abstract justice, as they are not competent for any such task, but to see that he and his fellows do not imperil those great foundations on which human society rests—men's certainty that they will enjoy the fruits of their labor, their confidence in the permanence of the leading social conditions around them, and in the gradualness and peaceableness of all changes. To introduce complete uncertainty about the future into civilized life is to take from it the feature which more than all else distinguishes it from savage life, and to kill useful human activity at its very roots.

The elevation of the working-classes will come from co-operation. It is only in this way, that is, through the combination of labor and capital in the same hands, that whatever is now offensive in the difference in the life of the laborer and capitalist will disappear; and co-operation will only become possible through the workingman's growth in intelligence and self-restraint. It is through co-operation, and not through hate and levelling laws, that workingmen will finally come to dress like capitalists, go home to comfortable and well-ordered homes, and refined and rational amusements, as capitalists do, and get a share of the enjoyments other classes get from leisure, books, and travel. No-body now takes anything from the workingman except what he surrenders through want of thrift, foresight, self-restraint, and mutual confidence. But there is no doubt that there is a long interval of time to be bridged over before co-operation becomes so general as either seriously to affect the condition of the laboring population in any country, or to reconcile them to the contrast between their life and that of the capitalist class. We have undoubtedly many years of envy, hatred, malice, and heart-burnings before us, and, during that period of transition, undoubtedly the larger portion of the responsibility for it all will necessarily fall on the capitalist. His resources are greater; his training is better, and his crosses are fewer and easier to bear. There is, it must be admitted, something grotesque in the comparison sometimes made in the labor discussions between his "anxieties" and those of the laborer. It must be remembered, too, that it is quite plain that he cannot secure himself peace and quiet by preaching the laws of political economy. This has been thoroughly tried both in France and England, and has failed. In both these countries, the working-classes have constructed a political economy of their own, in which Adam Smith counts for very little, and at the bottom of their system, though less apparent in some places than others, is the theory that capitalists are drones living on the proceeds of other men's labor, who ought to be either banished from the body politic altogether or else despoiled of a large portion of their yearly gains. In England, the latter doctrine is gaining most ground, under the influence of the hostility excited by the large idle and now almost useless class of landed proprietors. In France, and particularly in Paris—owing largely, we believe, to the ex-

tent to which that city is the resort of men of wealth who give themselves up wholly to sensual indulgence, under the eyes of a large body of excitable workmen, who are also extraordinarily eager for sensual enjoyment themselves—the utter extirpation of the capitalist class, and the prevention of the accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals, is sought with almost satanic energy. The Positivists, who have come to the support of the Commune, have provided an honored place for the capitalists in their system, namely, the directorship of industry, under the superintendence or inspiration of the Board of Sages, who are to form the spiritual power in the Comtist society, and who are to impel them to self-abnegation, public spirit, and good works. This is unquestionably the nearest approach that has been made to a solution of the question in what way the working-class hostility to capital can be assuaged, until such time as the working-classes become themselves owners of capital. The rich men of all countries will have to be coerced by public opinion into a deeper sense of the responsibility which wealth imposes on them than the mass of them as yet show. Extravagant and ostentatious living must be discontinued by the great body of the community more than it is now. Giving, and giving freely, to charities, to institutions of learning, to all sorts of enterprises which have the moral and physical culture of the mass of the people for their object, must be insisted on more earnestly as a duty, and an imperative duty, and not treated, as it is now, as a work of supererogation, which an honorable man may let alone if he pleases. In short, the facts of society—the temper and condition of the working-classes, the share which they have in creating wealth, and which, though not recognizable legally in the distribution of wealth, the capitalist to whom the wealth comes is morally bound to remember—must be taken into account by rich men in regulating their lives. Mr. Peter Cooper, who may be pointed out as almost an example of what the capitalist ought to be in a better social state to which we trust we are yet coming, made the other night in his address at the Cooper Institute a touching and admirable statement of the principles which ought to govern the relations of the two great divisions of industrial society—and they may be formulated by saying to every rich man, after he has pocketed his half-yearly dividends, “You have now got your rights as an owner of capital; but the minute you leave this office your duties as a social being begin, and you are no more entitled in the forum of morals to neglect them than to fail to pay your pecuniary debts; and they are all the more imperative because the best interests of society forbid their being enforced by law.”

#### DYNASTIC FUSION IN FRANCE.

THE exceedingly meagre report transmitted to us by the Cable concerning the admission of the Orleans Princes to their seats in the French National Assembly—an admission which was carried by so immense a majority that we must suppose members of all party shades to have swelled the vote—has failed to inform us whether that fact had or had not been preceded by the lately announced but not generally credited fusion of the two French branches of the Bourbon family. But whether finally consummated or not, this fusion movement is of sufficient political importance, in the present distracted and uncertain situation of France, to deserve a retrospective elucidation.

The beginning of the movement can be traced back to the latter part of 1848. The terrible battle of June had destroyed in the minds of most conservative men the confidence in the future of the French Republic. Some hailed in the rising star of Bonapartism the promise of a final restoration of order; others looked for a more solid basis upon which firmly to reconstruct the French state and French society, the very foundations of which seemed to be crumbling away. Some ultra-conservative Legitimists and Orleanists hoped to find this basis in a revival of the monarchico-hereditary principle, to which they unitedly devoted their energies. But the two last representatives of monarchy, the heads of the Bourbons proper and of the house of Orleans, lived not only in exile, but in antagonism to each other, and nothing short of a cordial co-operation of the adherents of both could possibly achieve the desired restoration. The young prince in whose favor Charles X. and his childless heir-presumptive, the Duc d'Angoulême, resigned their rights to the throne when driven from it by the revolution of July, 1830—the Comte de Chambord,

formerly called Duc de Bordeaux, and dynastically Henry V.—saw in old Louis Philippe, whom a similar political whirlwind, in February, 1848, forced equally to resign his crown to a grandson and to flee, but a justly-punished family apostate, rebel, and usurper. Nor was the head of the house of Orleans in the least inclined to stoop to repentance, and acknowledge that his accepting the royal leadership over the victorious *bourgeoisie*, in 1830, was an act of criminal usurpation, and that the principle of monarchical liberalism which his house represented, in opposition to the divine-rights theory of the elder branch of the family, was now to be given up as exploded. As long as Louis Philippe lived, the desired fusion was impossible, though men like Guizot, Duchâtel, and Salvandy worked for it, and even General Lamoricière promised to support it.

In the summer of 1850, many distinguished Legitimists and Orleanists—Berryer among the former, and Thiers among the latter—made respective political pilgrimages to Wiesbaden, where the Comte de Chambord appeared, and to Claremont, where Louis Philippe was living in exile. No approach had been effected between the two camps. But towards the close of that summer Louis Philippe died; the Comte de Chambord had a solemn funeral service performed for him at Wiesbaden; and Berryer, with some friends, subsequently went to Claremont to persuade the queen-widow to give her adhesion to the scheme of union which would render her grandson, the Comte de Paris—whose father, the Duc d'Orleans, was accidentally killed in 1842—the heir-presumptive to the Comte de Chambord, the childless Bourbon pretender. “Let us give”—that was Berryer's romantic *mot* for the purpose—“a child to that father, and a father to that orphan.” The old lady, the most unselfish and noble-hearted woman that ever shared a throne, was ready for conciliation; but her daughter-in-law, the mother of the Comte de Paris, protested, and was upheld in her opposition to the scheme not only by such of the more liberal Orleanist party leaders as Thiers and Rémusat, but also by two of her brothers-in-law, the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville, the ablest surviving members of the house of Orleans.

The two other sons of Louis Philippe, however, the Duc de Nemours and the Duc de Montpensier, were much more anxious to bring about the reconciliation, which they regarded as the surest way for a return of their family to the Tuileries. Shortly after the proclamation of the Second Empire, the Duc de Nemours, having made some previous overtures to the Comte de Chambord, personally repaired to Frohsdorf, near Vienna, where the latter resided, to pay a visit to his “cousin,” or, as the Legitimists told the story, to pay homage to his “king.” The interview was very cordial, and was followed by the journey of Chambord to Claremont, where he was affectionately received by his “aunt,” the widow of Louis Philippe. This visit was repaid by one made by Montpensier at Vienna, in 1855. With all this, however, fusion was no accomplished fact, for the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the prince who was to be adopted by Chambord for his legitimate successor, persisted in her opposition to it, and the Comte de Paris himself followed the advice of his mother. In 1858 the Duchess died, but at that time the throne of Napoleon III. seemed firmly established. France needed no “saviour of society.” Most of the Legitimist chiefs had long adhered to the Empire, and fusion had become altogether an idle talk, unheeded alike by the public of France and by her imperial despot.

The opposition to the Empire which began to manifest itself, and gradually assumed a more and more threatening form, in the latter half of the reign of Napoleon III.—whom it finally drove into the fatal abyss of the Prussian war—was carried on in a desultory way by liberals and radicals of every shade, but was not participated in by either Legitimists or Orleanists under any distinctive banner. Fusion had been forgotten. And when Napoleon, in September, 1870, finally sank under the load of well-merited hatred, misfortunes, and contempt, there was no monarchical party which could boast sufficient strength in the nation to assume the lead and attempt to retrieve its fallen fortunes. The republicans took up the flag of France, which had been trailing in the dust, but they fast exhausted the confidence of the people in their leadership by the frantic yet powerless efforts they made to drive back the invader. A strong monarchical reaction had set in when Paris surrendered, of which the elections of February 8, 1871, gave overwhelming evidence. Protesting against this reaction by an insurrection equally senseless and furious, the Reds of Paris only succeeded in reawakening the terrible reminiscences of the Reign of Terror and of the days of June, 1848, which dishonored and killed the first two French Republics. The third would immediately have collapsed with the fall of Gambetta had there been unity among the royalists—for imperialism was then still entirely paralyzed. Efforts were



therefore made to create that unity by accomplishing the work of fusion, and they are said to have succeeded, in spite of increased difficulties. For the last events in France have made it patent that the chasm between liberalism and conservatism in France is wider than it ever was, that no compact between revolution and the past is possible, and that the Orleans Princes, if subscribing for the sake of the future to a union with Chambord, the desire of the peasants and priests, must resign themselves to march for years in the wake of a reaction, revolting both to themselves and the better classes of France, among whom they still number so many friends—in fact, all they have.

### PRINTING FOR THE BLIND.

AN American custom, which has given occasion to more or less philosophizing on the part of foreign critics of our democracy, is the prevalent custom among our rich men of devoting large sums of money to the establishment and support of institutions of public utility—of colleges such as Vassar and Cornell; of free schools like that to which Mr. Peter Cooper has given more than half-a-million; of libraries like that endowed by Mr. Peabody, Mr. Astor, and very many more of our men of wealth; of professorial chairs, hospitals, academies of art, astronomical observatories, and innumerable other means of promoting the general advancement and welfare. To ostentation, no doubt, some of this beneficent activity is to be ascribed. The prominent citizen of Boston does not stand alone who, the other day, would agree to give fifty dollars to aid the French, in case the money raised were forwarded to a committee on the other side of the water, but would promise to double or treble his subscription, if the money, instead of being so expended as to do most good to the starving Frenchmen, were used to freight a ship which should be distinctly understood to have sailed into Havre, on her mission of mercy, from the port of Boston. That the cargo would be much belated, and made absurdly costly, was of no consequence to this sympathizer, so long as the stars and stripes were kept flying over it, and people in general knew to whose charity the French were indebted. But, if the class to which this gentleman belongs is not so small as it might be, it is, nevertheless, smaller than two or three other and better classes. Probably the men are numerous among us who, as our European critics say, merely by reason of our peculiar social conditions, are inclined towards enriching institutions of learning and charity, rather than towards keeping fast hold of their wealth. We are not, for example, much given to building and planting for coming generations of our children; nor are we very apt to devote much of our care and labor to the aggrandizement of "the family," an entity in being long before us, and long to outlast our individual lives. That development of the will, of individuality, of the distinctive personality of each man, which has taken place in so marked a degree in this country; which shows itself in a spirit of self-reliance and self-help that scatters the American family over three-quarters of a continent, and seldom allows more than a single generation to root itself in a given place; which causes each young American to see in himself a man who is to make him—this spirit also causes him to see in himself when made the man who has made him, and who has a perfect right to do what he likes with his own handiwork. We fight for our own hand more than other people, and feel at liberty to dispose of ourselves and our own as we please, even as we allow others to do the same. Yet the experience we get in our struggles, and the consequent sympathy with others similarly engaged which we learn to feel, and our American belief in the equality and fellowship of all men—these would seem to be sufficiently strong to counteract, in a great measure, the hardness and selfishness which our ways of life might, perhaps, be expected to produce. At all events, it is observed that, for whatever reason, there appears to be among us an unusually frequent exhibition of that munificence which bestows private wealth upon the public, to the end that benefit may accrue to the community at large. In the latest particularly noteworthy instance of benevolence which has come to our knowledge, it certainly is neither a desire for ostentatious display nor for gratifying the sense of power which seems to be the actuating motive, but rather a genuine feeling of commiseration for the afflicted, and a generous wish to alleviate a heavy calamity. We refer to a proposal recently made by Mr. S. P. Ruggles, of Boston, to Doctor Samuel G. Howe, of the same city, and through him to other physicians in charge of blind people.

It is going on forty years since Mr. Ruggles, then a practical printer, and, though a very young man, an inventor who had shown great talent and skill in mechanics, entered upon his duties as an assistant in the Boston Asylum for the Blind. This institution, founded in 1832, and, in point

of time, the first of its kind in the country, was in the beginning of its usefulness when it secured the services of Mr. Ruggles, who in no long time made it, in some important respects, the first institution of its kind in the world, and one had in respect everywhere by instructors of the blind. Mr. Ruggles seems to be one of those inventors—different from the kind whose history makes most impression on the popular mind—whose inventive insight is accompanied by a singularly clear perception of the means proper to the attainment of his ends, and also by a wonderful expertness in the manipulation of his instruments. "All tools seemed made for him," and when he wanted others that had not been made, he made them, and with a neatness, skill, and despatch which are said to have been almost as remarkable as his powers of original invention. The heavy curse of the inventor—

"The lone inventor, by his demon haunted"—

of Pallissy, after years of discouragement, feeding his furnace with his house walls, his furniture, his child's cradle, and still drawing out his vases from the oven to find that the secret is not yet his; of Goodyear, starving for years, with wealth just within tantalizing distance, till one day a lucky accident gives him the clue which had eluded him so long—this curse of baffled endeavor and hope was never laid upon Ruggles, and from the beginning of his active life, whether when in his youth inventing a new printing-press or the other day selling for a small fortune a patent right to his newest improvement on the sewing machine, his career has been as prosperous as laborious. When he began his work at the Boston Asylum, the books used by the inmates of that institution were made after the method practised in Europe, and had the defect of being so bulky as to be unwieldy, and the vastly greater defect of being so costly that the literature of the blind—a class of readers more than any others dependent for pleasure and profit on the press, perhaps the very greatest means of pleasure ever bestowed upon man—was so miserably limited that the blind may almost be said to have had no books. Mr. Ruggles set to work to produce for his pupils books of convenient size, and so cheaply printed as to bring a variety of subjects within the reach of their readers. But to effect this it would be necessary, he soon saw, to invent a new kind of type, a new kind of paper, and a new press; and probably it would be necessary for him not only to invent these, but to manufacture them himself, and to make some of the instruments with which to proceed to their manufacture. With his type he was soon successful, though his success was not gained without much labor. But, having the advantage of constantly submitting to his pupils the impressions struck off from the types in the various stages of their progress toward perfection, his labor had for its result the production of a form of printed character very much better adapted to the use of the blind than anything produced in Great Britain or any other European country. "The Americans have revolutionized printing for the blind" was the European verdict, and this favorable judgment the types did much to win. Not all, however. His type being secured, Mr. Ruggles began printing, and almost immediately he had broken two of the strongest printing-presses in use. To make a press adapted for his particular purpose was therefore his next work, and he invented a press of an entirely new construction, of very great strength, and capable of turning off as many sheets in an hour as the ordinary power-presses of twenty years ago. This press, by the way, he so contrived that it could be used by the pupils. The next obstacle in the way of cheap literature for the blind was the lack of paper at once soft and flexible enough not to crack and break when embossed or printed in raised letters, and, on the other hand, so hard as that the letters should not flatten down and lose shape under the finger of the reader. This difficulty, after a long time and many experiments with gums, resins, gelatine, and various kinds of paper, was at last surmounted, and from that time forward the American system of printing for the blind superseded all others. Maps for his pupils next engaged Mr. Ruggles's attention, and in cartography, too, he effected a revolution for which the blind are under great obligations to him.

We have not space to speak at any length of this gentleman's other services, and have hardly left ourselves room to speak further of his benevolent offer already mentioned—an offer, by the bye, which it is somewhat strange not to hear more about from the gentleman to whom Mr. Ruggles first made it known. The letter in which it is made is dated at Boston, on the 27th of last November. "I have been thinking," the writer says, "that I should like to do something more for the benefit of the blind in the way of improving their school apparatus, and printing and binding their books. Having in the early part of my life devoted several years exclusively to the study of

the wants and necessities of the blind, and having always felt a deep interest in their welfare, I have very naturally continued from time to time to observe and study their requirements." He goes on to say that for ten years he has devoted most of his time to making inventions; that works for the blind have occupied a very large share of his closest attention; and that he is sure he can make for their use books which shall be very much less bulky than those now in use, very much cheaper, with much superior paper, and in every way very much better; that since 1835 several arts have been invented—as electrotyping, stereotyping, and others—which will be of great service to him in the cheapening and improving the books in question, and that, these things being so, and he having a great desire to see his own and other men's inventions made useful to an afflicted class of persons, in whom he takes a great interest, he—if the directors of American institutions for the blind give their approval—will fit up a completely equipped printing establishment, supplied with everything necessary for map printing, as well as book printing, and with all the conveniences for electrotyping and stereotyping, and furthermore will himself oversee and manage, acting as superintendent without salary. The directors of the various asylums are on their part to do merely this: They are to appoint a publishing committee which shall represent all the asylums in the country, and this committee is to tell Mr. Ruggles what books and maps it will have printed, how many copies of each are to be struck off, and how they are to be distributed among the various asylums and schools. As we say, it is half a year and more since this letter was written, and nearly as long since a printed copy of it was sent to most of our institutions for the blind, but no definite action upon it seems to have been taken by those in authority. There is not the least doubt as to the sincerity of Mr. Ruggles's offer, nor as to his ability to do all he promises. His capacity as an inventor has made him a man of sufficient fortune; and he retains a warm interest in the unfortunates for whom some of his earliest and most successful, though not his most lucrative, efforts of invention were made.

It is to be hoped that the friends of the blind to whom the knowledge of Mr. Ruggles's proposed benevolence may come, will recollect that even among very useful philanthropists there may sometimes be such things as ill-founded dislikes, and petty grudgings, and prejudices, which work nobody any good; and that remembering this they may take the trouble to look to it that everybody, including themselves and their blind protégés, has fair play.

### PICTURES IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, June 15, 1871.

THE summer exhibition of paintings at the Boston Athenæum is one demanding more than formal notice. The collection has been made with an object, and, though imperfectly attained, the effort is praiseworthy. An attempt has been made to gather together portraits, especially those by Copley and his predecessors, and the result is a larger collection than has graced these walls for many years.

Before speaking specially of Copley's paintings, a word may be said about the earlier portraits here exhibited. No. 208, a portrait of Dea. Barnard, dated 1728, is attributed to Peter Pelham. This artist was probably the first educated painter who settled in New England. He came from London, presumably a relative of an earlier English artist of the name, not improbably belonging to some obscure offshoot of the great Pelham family. In Boston Pelham lived for nearly a quarter of a century, and engraved some eight or nine mezzotint portraits with a skill unrivalled in this country until within the present generation. Two at least of these engravings bear the inscription that Pelham painted the original, and one of these, that of Rev. Cotton Mather, is now in the rooms of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. As Mr. Barnard was a deacon of Cotton Mather's church in 1727, when the pastor's likeness was taken, and as the portrait of him is especially firm in the drawing, there seems to be good cause for assigning this portrait to Pelham.

Another artist, evidently an amateur, was John Greenwood, who painted in 1748 the little portrait of John Cutler (No. 209).

In the first room, on entering the gallery, will be found seven of Pelham's mezzotints; one, that of Rev. Thomas Prince, being from an original by this same John Greenwood.

In fact, it would hardly be a wild surmise to imagine that Peter Pelham was the instructor of Greenwood, Richard Jennys, jr., and Nathaniel Hurd, the latter two being engravers. Lastly, Pelham undoubtedly was the first instructor of his step-son, John Singleton Copley, whose first public

appearance is here shown in the mezzotint of Rev. Wm. Welstead, published in 1758, when he was only fifteen years old.

Two portraits (Nos. 222 and 223) are very favorable specimens of the limited skill of John Smibert, the companion of good Dean Berkeley, whose stiff and feeble delineations were received with thankfulness in their day doubtless.

A much better artist, however, is here represented in Nos. 224-230. This is J. B. Blackburn, who had passed into such utter oblivion that he has been but a name. No particulars of his origin, Christian name, place of residence, or length of stay here have survived. Three of these portraits are dated 1755; one at Hartford is dated 1756. Of his merits further mention will be made.

The name of John Singleton Copley is familiar to all interested in American art. Although born in Boston in 1738, he was not of New England stock, his parents, Richard Copley and Mary Singleton, being both recent immigrants. It was doubtless owing to the second marriage of Copley's mother to Peter Pelham that the artistic talent of Copley received so early a development. In truth, necessity probably forced an early use of his talents, for in that way we interpret the appearance of the mezzotint signed by him at the age of fifteen, and sent out a few months only after Pelham's death. How soon after this Copley first commenced as a painter, we cannot say. No. 250, a portrait of his step-brother, Charles Pelham, must, however, have preceded by some years the portrait (No. 245) of Gen. Brattle, which was painted in 1756.

To close this recital of personal matters, No. 247, the well-known "Boy with a Squirrel," which Copley sent to England from Boston about 1760 and which was exhibited at the Royal Academy—this admirable picture is a portrait of Henry Pelham, Copley's half-brother, afterwards an engraver of considerable repute. No. 242, "The Red-Cross Knight," contains the portraits of the artist's two daughters, Mrs. Greene and Miss Mary Copley, and his son, the famous Lord Lyndhurst.

To return to a consideration of the artistic merits of the collection. Two things will strike every observer; first, that Copley was far ahead of Smibert and Blackburn; second, that he was absolutely a great portrait-painter. Enough examples are here shown to make it evident that he possessed that innate appreciation of form and color which academic culture may assist but cannot create. Despite the disadvantages of his early life, the lack of instruction, of opportunities to learn the possibilities as well as the limits of his art, it is evident that his genius enabled him to advance rapidly step by step, and to lose little by the enforced necessity of self-reliance.

The earliest dated portrait by him is a large one of Gen. Brattle (No. 245), dated 1756, when the artist was but eighteen years of age. The picture is crude in color, but the effect of the whole is decidedly good. The portrait of Henry Pelham (No. 247), painted four years later, shows a great advance, and the remainder of the American pictures, painted before Copley left this country in 1774, are all in the same strongly marked style. Perhaps the two portraits, No. 237, Lady Wentworth, and 249, Mrs. Bourne, are the least interesting; but those of Miss Hooper (No. 239) and Mrs. Sargent (243) are admirable. These two occupy the post of honor on the walls, and fully justify the praises so long bestowed on the artist. The figure in that of Mrs. Sargent possesses a solidity that is lifelike, and the flesh of the face and hands is firmly and forcibly painted. The drawing of the arms and hands is indeed one of Copley's best characteristics; and another is the ease which he imparts to his figures. Take, for instance, the four portraits of the Gill family (Nos. 256-259). The positions are all natural and easy, but without the slightest mannerism of arrangement.

The greatest deficiency shown in these pictures is in the lack of gradation of tones in the flesh tints. There is a want of the delicate half-tones which should melt gradually into the shadows. The shadows, indeed, of the flesh are uniformly too dark and too strongly defined. An example can be seen in the defining shadows of the hand in almost every one of Copley's portraits. Possibly the colors may have darkened, as these shadows seem always to be formed of the same pigments.

We fear, however, that it must be conceded that Copley was better qualified to paint the strong features of men or to reproduce the wrinkled front of age, than to catch the delicate outlines and marvellous tints of childhood and youth. In respect to drapery, however, Copley is almost unrivalled. Satins and laces occupy a large space in his picture, and are delineated with unmistakable fidelity. A curious contrast is afforded by two pictures here placed together—No. 244 (Mrs. Rogers), by Copley, and No. 226 (Mrs. Erving), by Blackburn. The dresses are almost the same in color, but Copley's is silk, and the other is a nondescript.



Blackburn, however, is second here only to Copley. In some respects, especially in delicacy of touch, he is superior. His draperies are marked by roundness of curves, suggestive of woollen textures, and this peculiarity is sufficiently strong to be a great assistance in identifying the works of this artist. Blackburn signed his pictures J. B. Blackburn in small letters, hardly larger than these types, in a color closely resembling the background. Hence many pictures have passed as the work of another which really bore his name.

As a rule, this collection has few examples of misapplied ascriptions: We strongly demur to the assertion that Copley ever painted No. 260 (Lady Erskine), and the Beale pictures (Nos. 233-235), though beautifully painted, seem not to be in Copley's style. Compare them with No. 246 (Mrs. Hay), a fine example of his later manner.

As to the other portraits, those of George Shirley and his wife (Nos. 200 and 201) were probably painted in England, as were those of Gov. Joseph Dudley and wife (Nos. 206 and 207). No. 205 is also a foreign portrait, said to be that of one of the Pattenball family of Plymouth colony. No. 203 is a superb portrait, artist and subject alike unknown, but well worth preservation for its artistic merits. The few Allstons may be left for the admiration of those who find merits therein hidden from the common eye. No. 219 contains two heads by Stuart, delightful from their fresh color and animation.

Lastly, the more general collection has some noteworthy pictures. No. 81, a very large flower-picture, by Hammer, the Swedish artist, is a thoroughly realistic representation. Your readers will remember his "Home of the Bees," which was exhibited everywhere. No. 85, a large landscape by the Comte de Bylandt, is a fine rendering of trees and sky. No. 72, "La Curée," is the well-known picture by Courbet, now infamous as a leader of the Paris Commune. The *genre* pictures, No. 63, by Bagniet, and No. 59, by Pécrus, are very good, as is also the striking picture, No. 66, by Pratére. The works of local artists are few; among them are some by Virgil Williams, Gay, Cole, and Norton. In fact, this part of the exhibition has been neglected in the desire to make the portrait collection full. The result is creditable to Mr. Ordway, who has had charge this season, and who has given us such a sight as will hardly be excelled for many years.

## Correspondence.

### THE CONDITION OF LABOR IN MASSACHUSETTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your paper of June 8 contains an editorial upon the "Labor Question in Massachusetts," based upon the late report of General Oliver, Chief of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, to the Legislature. That report has made the same impression upon your mind that it has upon my own, viz.: that if the inferences drawn by General Oliver from the statistics compiled by him are true, "the condition of the working-classes in Massachusetts is a declining one." I think if you had analyzed his statements of wages and were more conversant with the facts in the case, you would continue to consider such an inference "incredible," and would find that there is no foundation in fact for such a conclusion.

It is impossible to make a complete review of this case within the limits of this communication, but it seems necessary that some denial of this charge should be made.

It is not to be doubted that the condition of the working people of Massachusetts might be much better than it is. I believe it to be true that the effect of a vicious currency and a bad tariff combined is to restrict production, and, consequently, consumption; to increase the general cost of subsistence; and if not now to make the rich richer, certainly to make the poor poorer than they would otherwise have been; and generally to make the contrast between employer and employed more striking, and therefore to promote antagonism between laborer and capitalist. Such, I doubt not, have been the effects of the legal-tender notes, and of the continued imposition of a monstrous tariff long after the excuse of war has ceased.

But it does not follow that the condition of the working people is absolutely bad. On the contrary, it may be safely asserted that, in spite of these causes, and of the large migration of the native population to more fertile lands and more lucrative occupations than are now open to them in Massachusetts, and the substitution of a mixed population of uneducated Irish, Germans, French Canadians, and other foreigners, who have never

had the training of the school, the newspaper, and the town-meeting, there is no other equal population in the civilized world in which general comfort is so widely diffused, progress so clearly marked, or whose savings from past labor are so large.

The great difficulty which is met in the attempt to reform the currency and tax systems is in the fact that the mass of the people are so busy and so well paid that they cannot give time or attention to such questions. They can better afford to adjust themselves to a bad system than to give the time and the effort needed to improve it. It may possibly be true that it would not now be easy to establish the magazine published by the operatives some years since in Lowell, and referred to by you. You say: "We are filled with a conviction that there is a radical wrong somewhere which has brought about this change from the time when Lowell factory-girls earned handsome marriage-portions with two or three years' labor, and found time, after working hours, to write, edit, and read a very respectable newspaper." The facts are, that at the time you refer to, the hours of labor in cotton factories were much longer; the labor, owing to the less perfect character of the machinery, much harder; and the wages of weavers, the special class who, then as now, constituted the larger and better educated portion of factory operatives, less in proportion to the price of board and clothing than they now are. At that time the farmer's daughters, who had been taught at our common schools, could find no better employment than to work in a cotton factory. The reason they are not there now is because there has been such great progress in other employments, in which they can now earn very much better wages, and live in far greater comfort.

Had the class of persons who now work in our factories then attempted to live in Massachusetts, they would either have been common laborers or could have found no subsistence at all within the State. That our factory population is not equal in education to the standard of a few years since is true, but it is also true that the condition of those now in the factories is better than it was, or could have been, in Ireland, Germany, England, or Canada. The danger is that employers will not guard sufficiently against the tendency of ignorant parents to overwork their children. It has been, and, I trust, long will be, the function of Massachusetts to welcome the ignorant and oppressed of all lands, and to establish in their minds the ambition to lead a higher and a better life than has been possible for them elsewhere; and this function I believe she is performing to-day as effectively as she has before.

The inference drawn from this report that "the number of men who emerge from the condition of workingmen is extremely small," is not in accordance with the experience of those who are engaged in active business or in manufacturing, if it is intended to indicate a less number than usual in other times. On the contrary, I can now name more men who have emerged from the condition of workingmen and who now have the control of large establishments, than I have ever known before. If it is intended to be inferred that because 17,000 persons work in cotton-mills at an apparent average of 80 cents a day, they are, therefore, very much underpaid, such inference is not in accordance with the facts, as a single glance at the table of wages and the prices of board will prove. Any good overseer can now command \$3 to \$3 50 per day. Any good female weaver can command wages that will give her from \$3 50 to \$4 50 per week over and above the cost of her board, and weavers constitute by far the larger proportion of the factory operatives. A considerable portion of the 17,000 cited are young persons and children whose pay is important to the welfare of their family, ranging from \$2 to \$4 per week. It is not denied that these young persons are overworked, and that there is urgent need of the general adoption of the half-time school system. These wages do not promise affluence, and, so far as families are concerned, they yield little or no surplus; but so far as single operatives are concerned, they are sufficient to yield a large annual increment to the savings-bank deposits. The inference that you have drawn from General Oliver's report, "that very few persons die while they are operatives, because, finding their health give way under their toils and exposures, they leave their employment and cease to be operatives," has no warrant in my experience and I believe no foundation in fact. I have not had the same opportunity which a resident agent has to form an opinion upon the effect of factory work upon health, but it has often been a subject of close enquiry, and I have never seen any reason to believe that factory work was specially arduous or injurious to health, nor can I find any cause for ill-health in the large and necessarily well-ventilated rooms of a modern factory. Even in the hot-dressing rooms, which are now abolished by the adoption of a new machine for sizing warps, humane and considerate agents have failed

to find any special cause of ill-health if the men there employed took ordinary care when passing into the outer air.

That men have been marked and prevented from obtaining employment for the *sole* reason that they have belonged to eight-hour leagues is not warranted by any facts within my knowledge, and I do not believe it is true. That families are turned out of their houses because they cannot agree upon wages is true, and for the simple and sufficient reason that a large portion of the tenements belonging to factories are let at merely nominal rents, and must of necessity be retained by the owners for the use of those only whom they employ; and if the owners undertook to provide house and home upon the same terms for those who did not work for them or who could not agree about wages, they would soon fail.

Your citation of the man who was so stupid and inhuman as to advocate fourteen hours a day labor for the alleged benefit of the workmen, as an indication of the general spirit of employers and an explanation of the growing frequency and bitterness of strikes, is an absurd libel on a class of men in whose number are comprised those who are most efficient in all the efforts undertaken for the improvement and welfare of the people. That man stands alone in the extreme folly of his statement.

While thus denying the truth of the impression derived from the text of this report, I am far from holding up factory labor as a very desirable occupation if it can be avoided. It is not very arduous, but it is very monotonous; and, while I am utterly opposed to all attempts to impose legal restrictions upon either adult operatives or employers as to the hours of labor, I do not hesitate to say that eleven hours per day is too long for the class of operatives yearly growing larger in number—namely, those who will probably be permanently operatives. To the class of farmers' daughters who formerly worked in our mills, intending to remain but a few years, eleven and even twelve hours' work did little or no harm; but I have no doubt that eleven hours of confinement per day, as a permanent rule, will cause any population to cease to be progressive; and I trust and believe the day is not far distant when by common consent, and not by the arbitrary force of law, the rule shall be changed from eleven to ten, as it has been in the past from thirteen to twelve and from twelve to eleven.

I have taken cotton-spinning as the main subject of this letter, because it is best known to me, and because factory operatives are in the next grade above common laborers and domestic servants as to wages. If the reader of General Oliver's report will disabuse his mind of the inferences of the General himself, and will regard only his facts, I think he will find that the wages paid in almost all the other employments examined are sufficient, not only for a good subsistence, which is all that the very large majority of people born into the world ever attain; but also sufficient to account for the rapid increase of savings-bank deposits, and of small houses bordering all our lines of railroad, and clustered together in Springfield, Worcester, Fitchburg, Lynn, and other similar places, where great factories may not be most obvious, but where the infinite variety of domestic industries are to be found which protective tariffs can neither build up or break down, but only impede a little.

One word more as to the "rapid decay" of agriculture in New England. This rapid decay is accompanied by a greater abundance of food; by the increase of market-gardens; by the establishment of numerous cheese factories; by increased attention to stock-breeding; by vastly increased abundance of small fruits; and it is also marked by the rapid conversion of common Irish and German laborers into small landholders, as well as by the employment of a few German emigrant women in market-gardens who have been bred to field-work and know no other occupation, men commanding too high wages for such service.

In fact, the so-called decay is simply the change caused by railroads and immigration, and while it renders the State less pleasant to live in, and has entirely broken up the old country society which seems to have been so pleasant a feature of New England life in bygone days, it can by no means be considered a decay of the State.

In thus defending my native State from unwarranted aspersion, I by no means ignore the difficult problem which this change in the construction of society imposes upon us. We do not fear to deal with it, or to expose its worst features by means of the Bureau of Labour statistics and its able but somewhat sentimental report. We only ask that many things which to us are evidence of our partial success in dealing with difficult economic problems shall not be perverted into indications of decay, wrong, and oppression, and thus made the bases of further meddlesome legislation.

What we most need in order to abate the antagonism which now marks the relations of labor and capital, is the restoration of the specie standard

and the adjustment of the tariff in such manner as shall cause it to cease to be a most oppressive burthen upon the cost of general production. It cannot be too often repeated, that by force of these unjust laws the poor grow poorer, but, as the burthen of taxation, whether it be imposed by a vicious currency or a bad tariff, finally diffuses itself, and ends in an increased cost of all production, it cannot now be claimed that we have even the small benefit of the rich made richer. The whole effect of these acts is now dead loss.

Boston, June 18, 1871.

E. A.

## Notes.

MESSRS. JUDD & WHITE, New Haven, announce a selection of twenty three from the practical and descriptive sermons of the late Rev. Prof. E. T. Fitch, D.D., of Yale College, to be published early in July.—A "Condensed School History of the United States, constructed for definite results in recitation, and containing a new method of topical reviews," by Wm. Swinton, A.M., of the University of California, is to be issued shortly by Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman & Co. The appearance of this work is a sign that the publishers, who were lately in litigation with Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. in regard to it, have made a satisfactory arrangement with the latter, who publish, we believe, a text-book by the same author called "Swinton's Comprehensive United States."—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce a new edition of Cooper's Works in thirty-two volumes 8vo, with Mr. Darley's illustrations, and in the best style of this house. Subscriptions will be taken only for the complete series, at \$2 25 per volume. Other new works in preparation are: "Poems," by the late Wm. H. Burleigh, with a memoir by his wife; "Songs from the Old Dramatists," with music and notes; and "Montfort Hall," by Catherine A. Warfield.

—There are two notions about Harvard College very widely spread in other parts of the country, which, however well-founded they may have been at one time, have become wholly erroneous. One is that it is mainly a Unitarian college, and the other is that the majority of the students are from Massachusetts. The fact is, that of 608 students 452 are from the New England States generally, and 156 from other parts of the Union, and that so far from a majority of the students being Unitarians, two-thirds nearly belong to Trinitarian denominations. The following table is believed to be substantially correct at the present time:

Unitarian-Congregationalists.....	233
Episcopalians.....	150
Trinitarian-Congregationalists and Presbyterians.....	111
Baptists.....	35
Methodists.....	18
Universalists.....	12
New Jerusalem.....	10
Roman Catholics.....	7
Other denominations and unascertained.....	32
Total.....	608

Much less than half the students attend the college chapel on Sundays. Those whose homes are in Boston or the neighborhood attend church with their families if their families are church-going; the others go to the two Episcopal, one Methodist, one Trinitarian-Congregationalist, one Unitarian churches which are close to the college, or else to the two Episcopal, two Congregationalist (Trinitarian), one Unitarian, one Baptist, one Methodist, and two Roman Catholic churches which all lie within a mile of the college, and in which the college provides sittings at its own expense, and monitors to note absences and tardiness, and, we hope, to keep the students awake. There are, moreover, two voluntary religious societies among the students. In fact, the students represent very fairly the religious condition of the community from which they are drawn.

—Herr Roth, of the Cincinnati *Volksfreund*, writing to that paper from Wisconsin, says that the entire southeastern portion of that State is, with the exception of a few localities, almost wholly German, and that in the remainder of the State the American element is steadily retreating before the German increase, which is maintained by immigration. In the country, he says, it is with difficulty that instruction in English can be had for the children, and that the Americans themselves use more German in their conversation than the Germans do English. In some settlements, twenty-five or thirty years old, one does not hear a word of English spoken, and might readily suppose himself not in America. If the present movement of population continues, as it is likely to, in a few years, says Herr Roth, the Germans from having a majority in the State will possess it all—they and the Scandinavians together, let us add. In Chicago, just over the border, the Germans have one-fifth of the forty members of the city council, but are



disposed to complain that they are not fairly represented. In Cincinnati, the German population has increased but 6,000 in the past decade, against 13,000 from 1850 to 1860; and it is evident that this city is out of the line of foreign immigration to this country.

—It is generally supposed that the system of mutual aid in legislative and deliberative bodies, which is known as "log-rolling," is an American invention, owing in part to the happy American name which has been given to the process. But Pascal, in the "Provincial Letters," calls attention to the fact that not only was the practice known in ecclesiastical bodies in his day, but its lawfulness was the subject of discussion by the Jesuit casuist, Escobar. "Is it simony," asks the reverend father, "for two monks to pledge themselves to each other in this fashion: Give me your vote to make me provincial, and I will give you mine to make you prior"? And he answers, "By no means." The same learned theologian treats of a question which is of a good deal of interest both to legislators who take bribes, and to legislators who recommend persons for office, and afterwards go to the head of the department and request him to pay no attention to what they have said. The point Father Escobar examines is whether "it is simony to promise money for a church benefice when in reality you have no intention of paying it." And he decides that it is not, "since it is only feigned simony, which is no more real simony than false gold is real gold." It thus happens that you may recommend a worthless fellow for office, but if at the time of writing the recommendation you determine that it shall not help him to get the office, you are not guilty of abusing your influence. A small popular edition of the works of the Jesuit casuists would, indeed, do something to relieve many worthy politicians from a good deal of perplexity.

—Yankee enterprise seeking employment might do worse than select Italy as a field; and in Italy, the marble industry promises a fortune to whoever will rescue it from the present wasteful and uneconomic prosecution of it. Almost all that is known or needs to be known of that branch of it which is carried on in the region about the river Magra and the Gulf of Spezia, will be found in a work lately published by Barbèra at Florence: "L'Industria del Marmi Apuani," by Professor Carlo Magenta. The quarries at Carrara, Massa, and Serravezza have been worked for centuries, furnishing marble, at first for building, as in the Pantheon, and afterwards for statuary; yet the means of getting out the stone are in some respects as rude as in the days of Cæsar, and in others fall far behind the scientific processes in vogue in other countries. The use of machinery in quarrying is almost unknown; the roads are wretched; the stone is tediously drawn over them by bullocks in two or four-wheeled carts, and not long since a huge mass falling from a cart killed thirteen of the poor beasts who were drawing it. There is, too, no co-operation among the proprietors, who in Carrara alone number, as lessees of the communal quarries, 178, and as owners of private ones, upwards of 300. Transportation at the same place engages the services of 450 persons, 300 yoke of oxen, and 425 carts, and out of 10,000 inhabitants 3,000 get a living from the marble industry. The business of the three communities first-named, derived from more than 600 quarries, amounts to \$2,500,000 per annum; and marble is shipped to England, New York, Havana, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, and even to Australia. Yankee capitalists who should introduce at Carrara the best machinery, build railroads to the nearest port or lines, and then get the duties on imported marble removed or abated in this country, could hardly fail of their reward. In 1866, our tariff imposed on marble sawed in the form of tablets not only a duty of so much per square foot, but in addition fifty per cent. *ad valorem*. Prof. Magenta urges his Government to appeal to ours against this heavy burden on Italian labor.

—Less anxiety might have been felt with regard to the fate of the Louvre collections amid the fires of the Commune, had the public been aware of the disposition made of the works of art by the "administration" of the museum. Mr. Alfred Darcel, well known as an archaeologist and draughtsman, and a curator of the National Museum, writes, on the 25th of May, to the *Journal de Rouen*, assuming that the great majority of the works of art were probably uninjured. He says that before the news of the disaster of Sedan was known in Paris, the *Direction des Musées* received orders to send to the arsenal at Brest the most precious works of the Louvre. They had sent off the contents of the "salon carré," the "little" and "long" galleries, i. e., the principal paintings of all schools represented, and the full series of Italian, Dutch, and Flemish masters, and the older French ones, when, on the 4th of September, "they saw the Empress pass through the galleries on her way to exile." The government of

the National Defence ordered the work stopped; but meanwhile, all the smaller works of art, antique and mediæval, were hidden in passage-ways within the walls, or enclosed, with the papyri, with the remainder pictures and drawings and the most precious statues and bas-reliefs, in the vaulted cellars of the building, considered as good as casemates by the engineers. Reservoirs for water had been established on the quay outside and also within the building, apparatus for extinguishing fires had been provided for each room, and day and night watches of firemen, guards, and curators had been organized. The pictures and statues of the Luxembourg Museum had been also deposited in the vaulted basements of the palace of Mary of Medici. This was the arrangement of the national collections at the date of the 2d of March, when the Prussians entered the courts of the Old and New Louvre; but on their departure a part of the works of art remaining in Paris were restored to their places, especially the drawings and the more modern French paintings, and certain galleries were again opened to the public and to students. Notwithstanding the military occupation of the Louvre and Tuileries, which took place on the 19th of March, and notwithstanding the appointment by the Commune of special delegates, the curators managed to remain within the place, and prolonged their watch over their trust, until forcibly relieved on the 17th of May. At the Luxembourg, the pictures and statues remained in the vaults, the officials in charge having ingeniously made use of every pretext to delay any public exhibition. A general distrust of the future seems to have been felt by those interested in these matters, and the artistic conscience will be relieved at learning that, in Mr. Darcel's unprejudiced opinion, the art delegates of the Commune assumed their office on purpose to protect the museums against rascalities which they vaguely dreaded. As to the Palace of the Tuileries, its artistic contents at the date of the fire were of relatively small value. After the 4th of September, the most remarkable works of art had been taken to the Garde Meuble, and thence removed to the Louvre.

—General Faidherbe, whom the close of the war left with a respectable reputation as a commander, published last year, after Sedan, a pamphlet on the reorganization of the military service of France ("Bases d'un Projet de Réorganisation d'une Armée Nationale"). The main feature of his plan is the personal service of every male citizen, not physically incapable; to which he joins the corresponding obligation of the state to support the dependent family of the husband or father while under arms. Into the details we shall not enter any further than to note that he provides for instruction in the common branches of learning as a part of the training of the army, and would allow no one who had not passed through its ranks to have a vote. The picture which he draws of the condition of the Imperial army on the eve of the war is as frank as he could venture, at the time he wrote, to make it.

—M. Gabriel Monod, of whose first article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, relating his experience as a volunteer in one of the French ambulances during the campaign on the Loire, we have already spoken, has a second and highly interesting one in the June number, in which he discusses the morale and mental qualities of the French army and peasantry with the same extraordinary candor. Of the old soldier—the man who had nearly reached the end of his seven years, and had contracted the garrison vices and *insouciance*—he speaks in terms of strong reprobation. The cavalry he rates higher than the infantry, and the marines than either. During the whole campaign of the Loire, he says, the Pontifical Zouaves—young men of good family and ardent Catholics, from the western provinces—and the sailors were "the only men who conducted themselves *sans peur et sans reproche*." The Mobiles, he says, "were generally incapable of supporting the hardship of the campaign or standing against regular troops, and their ignorance and want of all interest in political or patriotic questions, and of anything like elevation of sentiment, was to their disadvantage." Of the *francs-tireurs*, he says they were a complete failure, Frenchmen being too gentle by nature to permit of their prosecuting a guerilla warfare effectively. Moreover, most of the *francs-tireurs* did not know the country in which they were operating. "The majority were merely anxious to get rid of all discipline, and of the hardships of living in the open air, and of the dangers of real fighting," and wandered through the country without any control. "Whole corps were composed of mere thieves, who stole the plate from the churches, and used their muskets to break open houses." Of the feeling with which the French went into the war, he says:

"The bulk of the nation, though not desiring war, and in fact regarding it rather with dismay, felt no moral disapproval at the injustice of the Emperor's pretext for the declaration, and quickly came to regard the idea of a march to Berlin with satisfaction; while the soldiers were

delighted that the war was not to be against friends, as it had been in Italy, but against enemies, so that plunder would be no longer a crime. These feelings, base and childish as they were, changed into mere fury on the news of our first defeats, and of the actual invasion of France. Men who had openly spoken of ravaging and conquering the Rhine provinces, at once raised the cry of sacrilege, and talked of the violation of the sacred soil of France, and of the torch of civilization being in danger. The Germans were stigmatized as barbarians and savages, and no language was bad enough for these furious patriots, no slander or falsehood too strong. These exaggerations only increased with the advent of the Republic; so that instead of a people animated by one grand desire to perish in resistance to an unjust invasion and an unrighteous conquest, the country for the most part displayed arrogant fury and a ferocious appetite for vengeance."

The campaign showed, he said, also considerable decay of warlike feeling, "but no development of morals, religion, or education to keep pace with it." It "opened his eyes to the ignorance of his countrymen, and their lamentable want of moral and religious ideas." The ignorance of the troops was something "appalling." He "doubted, if they knew what 'Alsace,' 'France,' or 'Germany' meant." There was nothing approaching to religious feeling amongst them, not even superstition. He came across one really pious man, "though ignorant and childish enough," and he was the laughing-stock of his comrades.

"True piety, the mystical attempt of the mind to reach a higher and invisible world, was unknown. It is impossible, for instance, to imagine an army of Frenchmen singing with heart and voice a religious and patriotic song like the German hymn, 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.'"

"The case would have been different if our soldiers had had even strong moral convictions; but while they scoffed at priest and church, they were equally ready to laugh at purity and every other home virtue. The ordinary talk of the French soldier is of that broad kind which we call *gricois*—the pleasantry of an easy, cynical, shallow habit of mind, which, with a certain air of innocence, is never happy unless it is endeavoring to destroy and defile everything higher and holier than itself. It is fortunate for the listener if the talk does not drop from this into something filthier still. . . . Even honesty was not too common amongst these debased characters. It is for the peasants to say whether the French soldiers respected their property more than the Prussians did. Had the tables turned, and the French army marched into Germany, I doubt if our conduct there would have been more creditable than that of the Germans has been in France. Certainly the women would have suffered far more. Amongst us, respect for women is a thing almost unknown, nay, it is too often all but ridiculed."

At the same time, M. Monod rates the character of the men, where not brutalized by ignorance, very high, and says "that their manners were gentle, and they had a strong feeling of justice and injustice, and of compassion for the weak, a quality in which the Germans were too often wanting." He says the ignorance of the officers of geography "surpasses anything that one can conceive of." His account of the behavior of the peasants in Normandy and the Beauce is something shocking, but we have no room to quote farther. The whole article is, owing to M. Monod's position and antecedents, a most interesting contribution to the literature of the war, and it goes to swell the body of proof, which accumulates every day, that it matters little what form of government is now set up in France; that she will have no rest until there is a complete renovation of her morals and manners, from the very bottom, through education and suffering.

—The utter fruitlessness of the French naval operations on the coast of Germany during the late war has caused not a little wonderment, though the general result was predicted by all who were acquainted with Prussia's experiments in land defences. That the Prussian fleet, however, should have cut no greater figure than it did in the presence of two such dispirited, purposeless, and irresolute adversaries as were the squadrons under Admirals Bouet-Willauheim and Fourichon, was not easily explicable, and, in fact, is but just beginning to be explained. A work which gives between two covers both the French and the German point of view has been published at Bremen: "Die Campagne von 1870 in der Nord und Ostsee." It consists, first, of the articles contributed towards the end of November to the *Moniteur Universel* by René de Pont-Jest, who had been deputed to watch the operations by sea, on account of the public clamor over their futility, and was attached to Bouet's squadron in the Baltic. He was, of course, able to speak as an eye-witness only of what happened in those waters; but his narrative is in defence of both admirals. It is supplemented by the corrections and additions of a German naval officer, and the whole is accompanied by a map of the mouths of the Jähde, Weser, and Elbe. Some of Pont-Jest's disclosures are very curious. The declaration of war found the French fleet wretchedly unprepared for duty, and the Minister of Marine, Rigault de Genouilly, had the courage, alone of all the Emperor's councillors, to tell the truth and confess he was

not ready. The degree of backwardness may be inferred from the fact that one of Admiral Bouet's complaints—he was not on good terms with the Minister, and complained more than was always necessary in an officer supposed to know his business—was that, some time after he had been at his station, he had not received the maps of Denmark, which were indispensable to his operations on the German coast, where all the buoys and landmarks had been carefully removed.

—As for the German navy, the truth is that it also was quite unprepared for the war, though the same censure cannot be applied to the German as to the French Government on this account. It was, and still is, a growing, not a fully developed service, and, as is well known, in numbers and weight of metal the French navy was doubly and trebly its superior. Nevertheless, people had been led to expect great things of certain vessels, notably of the *König Wilhelm*, which popular writers had represented to be capable alone of annihilating the French fleet. It shared, however, the ill-luck of the *Kronprinz* and the *Friedrich Karl*, in having a foul bottom and disordered machinery; and their operations were additionally hindered, as were those of the German ships generally, by the fact that there were no reserves to take their places if disabled, and no opportunity for the iron-clads to reach the only available dockyards for repair. To take the offensive, therefore, against a vigilant and cautious blockading force, which indeed endeavored by all means to draw them out into clear water, would hardly have been prudent in the German commanders, whose first and highest duty was evidently to guard the harbors and coasts against invasion. This they did most effectively, causing the French to despair of making a landing, and actually preventing them from coming within gunshot of the shore. Such is the substance of the German naval officer's refutation of René de Pont-Jest's argument, that, if the German admirals had had more pluck, the French would not have earned the reproaches heaped upon them for their inefficiency. Though this brochure professes only of operations in the North Sea and on the Baltic, it gives the German official report of the engagement between the *Meteor* and the *Bouvet* off Havana—the only engagement of the whole war which could be dignified with the name of sea-fight, and which left no room for imputations on German valor.

—Bishop Hefele's "History of the Council of Constance" (the seventh volume of his "Conciliengeschichte") has successfully vindicated the Emperor Sigismund from what has been the great stain upon his memory—the alleged violation of his safe-conduct granted to Hus (this is the spelling insisted upon by the author). "Hus came to Constance" (we quote from a review in the *Academy* of May 15) "as he himself repeatedly states, without any other safe-conduct than a verbal promise of protection on his journey from the emperor, which was faithfully kept. The written safe-conduct reached him after his arrival in Constance, and was undoubtedly violated by his imprisonment before the Council had given him a hearing, but it was not violated by his execution after he had been heard and condemned. It guaranteed him against all violence on the road to or from Constance, in the event of his return, but it did not, and could not, guarantee him against the sentence of the supreme tribunal, which he went there for the express purpose of appealing to, nor was it so understood at the time either by the Emperor or by Hus and his friends. He had himself repeatedly declared his readiness to abide by the judgment of the council; and if he anticipated, as he probably did, a favorable decision, that does not prove that an adverse sentence was unjust, still less that its execution was a breach of faith."

#### WASHBURN'S "PARAGUAY."\*

THE American public had almost a right to expect from Mr. Washburn the "Notes of Personal Observation and Reminiscences of Diplomacy" which he presents to them in the volumes before us. He had been the most prominent, the most active, the most abused of all the representatives of foreign powers in Paraguay during the terrible contest which that formerly so little known country—a miniature inland China, with nominally republican institutions, and ruled by enigmatic dictators—waged against ten times more numerous enemies, to the utter ruin of its Hispano-Guarani population. He had arraigned before his Government several of its highest naval functionaries as faithless to their duty, and had met with severe recriminations. He had been blamed, both for abusing his powers in defying the authority of President Lopez, in the very agony of his

\* "The History of Paraguay, with Notes of Personal Observations and Reminiscences of Diplomacy under Difficulties. By Charles A. Washburn, Commissioner and Minister Resident of the United States, at Asuncion, from 1861 to 1868. In two volumes." Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1871.



death-grapple with Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic, and for doing too little to prevent that bloodthirsty tyrant from wreaking his rage on innocent men—like Masterman and Bliss—who had a claim to protection under the United States flag. It was Mr. Washburn's duty to justify his actions before the people, as he did before the Government, and to lay before the world the knowledge he had gathered concerning Paraguay, its unfortunate people, and its last rulers; and he has fulfilled this double duty to the best of his ability, and, we may say, satisfactorily. He has, however, attempted more—he has undertaken to write a "History of Paraguay," and this task he has only poorly executed.

Mr. Washburn's personal recollections are intensely interesting, as descriptive of a people, a struggle, and a despot without a parallel in history, and of thrilling events and strange perplexities that need not the slightest exaggeration to be highly sensational; but it is these very recollections that almost entirely unfit him for an historian, even if on other grounds he were qualified for this vocation. He is embittered and revolted, and but too justly so, by what he has seen, learned, and suffered, and his whole book, though intended to present a continuous narrative of historical facts, intermixed with descriptions and anecdotes, resembles a Congressional report by a "committee on outrages" much more than a history. Mr. Washburn is perfectly correct—the testimony in this respect is now overwhelmingly unanimous—in all he says of the atrocious character of Francisco Solano Lopez, the President and Marshal, who slaughtered off his nation on the battle-field, and his generals and advisers, his brothers-in-law and brothers, by the hands of torturers and executioners. He may be right when he tells us that the elder Lopez, the predecessor, and, as he asserts, only the putative father of Francisco Solano, was a wicked usurper, a mean hypocrite, an unparalleled extortionist, a treacherous villain who knew no truth, and "had no shame in lying." He may be equally right, thought we doubt it, in representing Dr. Francia, the first dictator of Paraguay, Carlyle's "lonely Francia," the man who created that state, as not only incomparably more selfish and treacherous, more tyrannical and cruel, than his successor, the elder Lopez, but as "a man remarkable only for the absence of every human feeling or affection"—a man whose acts show "no glimpse of talent, of learning, or of any redeeming feature whatever." And all he says of the younger Lopez's cowardice, of his and his brother's profligacy, of the false and cruel disposition of his chief mistress, Madam Lynch, of the general depravity and remorselessness of his tools, whether priests, officers, or spies, or of the stupid imbecility of his enemies—though much of it seems exaggerated—may all be literally true. But, as the author of a history, he has no right to tell us all these things a hundred times, which he does, to the great torment of his readers.

Diffuseness is altogether the most striking defect of the thousand or eleven hundred pages which Mr. Washburn devotes to the memory of Dr. Francia and the two Lopezes, and an inclination to accept exaggerated accounts appears to us the next. Thus we cannot make up our mind to receive as quite exact, what he unreservedly asserts, that full nine-tenths of the entire population of Paraguay perished by the sword, or from overwork, disease, and destitution, during the war so wantonly begun by Lopez in 1865, and terminated with his death in March, 1870; that at one time, before Itapiru, "one-half of his troops at least" were "sick with the measles," and "twenty thousand men, or more than a third of the Paraguayan forces . . . died there and then;" or that recruiting went on "until all from eight to eighty, who were not in prison, were forced into the army." Justice to the author compels us, however, to add that his seemingly most extravagant statements of fact do not go much beyond what concurrent evidence furnished by other sources renders almost undeniable. To the most appalling, but sufficiently, if not perfectly, authenticated facts, belong the human hetacombs sacrificed by Lopez in 1868, from fury, suspicion, policy, or intoxication. And yet this monster was probably not entirely devoid of true sentiment when he, about the same time, used these words to Mr. Washburn, in answer to a proposal to end the hopeless contest by a voluntary exile under favorable circumstances:

"He would fight to the last, and fall with his last guard. His bones must rest in his own country, and his enemies should only have the satisfaction of beholding his tomb; he would not give them the pleasure of seeing him a fugitive in Europe or elsewhere; he would sooner die than be a second Rosas. If the worst came, it was to be no surrender, but all were to fight until they were killed; that he was prepared to resort to more extreme measures than any one imagined, if necessary; it was better to fall after his whole people had been destroyed than treat on the condition of leaving the country. Unless he should succeed and come off conqueror, there was no future for him, nor did he want to live. Whatever of glory and fame would result from the war, long protracted against odds infinitely superior, was already his, and he would never be deprived of it;

his fame in history was, at any rate, secure. It was not his ambition to rank with any South American hero, like San Martin, Bolivar, or Belgrano; they were persons for whom he had no respect, nor had he any desire to be classed with men who had made such a contemptible figure in history; but it was his ambition to have his name enrolled on the same page of history with those of Washington and Lincoln; that he would, if necessary, crown his triumphs with an act of heroism, and perish at the head of his legions. He had labored so long for his country, and with such self-abnegation; had been sustained by his people so bravely, and with such free and spontaneous will, that all these things must justify him in history, and give him a place such as no South American hero ever had. He said it was glory enough for him, while living, to have three nations making war so long against his single arm. . . ."

Mr. Washburn, of course, "could hardly believe that the man was in earnest when he spoke in this way; that he could really be such a dolt and fool as not to know that the people who were fighting under his orders were but abject slaves, and obeyed only from fear." He thus relieves himself of the difficulty of attempting the solution of the double enigma which the character of Lopez and the ready obedience unto death of his whole people presents to other observers. Nor does he much trouble himself with many other "things that appear mysterious and utterly inexplicable," and the solution of which, he believes, can be expected only from the Paraguayan Padre Maiz, an intimate follower of Lopez, who survived him. "He may perhaps explain why Lopez killed so many of those who were, as all supposed, his most faithful and able officers. He may tell, too, why he killed his brothers, and flogged and otherwise tortured his mother and his sisters. He may also possibly be able to tell whether or not Lopez ever believed in the existence of the conspiracy which he pretended to discover, and for alleged complicity with which so many hundreds were executed." Our author also admits that "it is not the purpose of this work to give anything like a history of the war," and that "the writer had few advantages beyond people who were not near the scene of it that would enable him to describe the events as they appeared to those who were in the respective camps of the belligerents."

Haste in execution is visible throughout the work, and especially in the compilation of the earlier history, in which the author has been aided by others. Hence, not only endless repetition, but also repetition with contradictions. Thus we read of Dr. Francia's relation to the priests, that "he did not resort to the plan practised by his successors of extorting from them the secrets of the confessional, or compel them to disclose to him what they had extorted in the hour of death" (vol. i., p. 281); that the system of espionage he had established he "did not carry so far that he could tell the innermost thoughts of his subjects"; and that "Carlos Antonio Lopez improved on this by adding the power of the confessional to his other machinery of power" (i. 54); and also the statement that he, the very same Francia, "did not object to people confessing to the padres, but the padres must then confess to him all they had heard in the confidence of the confessional," and "that these requirements greatly scandalized the bishops and some of the priests" (i. 213). The story of the persecution of Garmendia by Francia is twice fully told, and the details are far from agreeing (i. 291 and i. 392). Of the elder Lopez, we hear that he was born "about the year 1787" (i. 338); that in 1841, when he succeeded Francia, he was "about forty-seven years of age" (i. 337), and again, that early in 1844 he was "about fifty-one years of age" (i. 351). The younger Lopez is stated to have been "born July 24, 1826" (ii. 47), but after the treaties "with France, England, Sardinia, and the United States"—treaties concluded in 1853 (i. 351)—he is made to be "about twenty-four years of age" (i. 405). And these are not the only contradictions of this kind we have noticed. A vastly more curious specimen of chronological inaccuracy is presented in the following narrative of the origin of the elder Lopez (i. 338-9):

"He was born near the Recoleta, at a distance of a little more than a league from Asuncion, about the year 1787. The family was one of the lowest in the country, and . . . of disreputable origin. Under the old Spanish régime there lived in Asuncion a man by the name of Juan Bautista Goyez. When past middle age, and after Francia became dictator, he was employed by him as a clerk or accountant of his treasury, a position which he held for many years. He was never married, but lived with a mulatto woman, by whom he had one child that he acknowledged and treated as his own. When grown to womanhood, this child married a poor journeyman tailor of mixed Spanish and Guarani blood, by the name of Cirilo Lopez. . . . He [Lopez] continued . . . to follow his occupation of tailor, either as journeyman or master, being mainly dependent upon the work of his hands for the support of his family. This family, in due course of time, consisted of six sons and two daughters, of which Carlos Antonio was destined to be the President of the future Republic."

To which we must add, by way of comment, that Francia was made dictator in 1814, and that we are thus told in this genealogical narrative that Goyez, who was "past middle age" in or after 1814, "after Francia

became dictator," was the grandfather of six boys and two girls, one of whom, "Carlos Antonio," was born "about the year 1787"! In spite of all these defects, however, we cannot refrain from recommending Mr. Washburn's work as both very interesting and very instructive.

### FAIRBANKS'S HISTORY OF FLORIDA.\*

THE historians of all the Gulf States possess a veritable heritage of wealth in the chronicles of the early Spanish conquerors and explorers. For Florida alone, some ten or a dozen of them may be appropriated with effective results. The accounts of Hernando De Soto's expedition are laid under heavy contribution not only by all the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, but also by Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas; while Cabeza de Vaca (not Cabeça, which is a French form of the name), having already done duty for Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, and New Mexico, stands good for the initial chapters of the future histories of a large group of States yet to be created between Arkansas and the Pacific Ocean.

While crediting the author with industry and intelligent appreciation of his subject, we nevertheless feel inclined to the opinion—under the Vicar of Wakefield's celebrated canon of criticism—that this history would have been better if the author had taken more pains. At page 16, Ponce de Leon (1512) is represented as hearing in a general and uncertain manner of the existence of land to the northwest of the Bahamas, and Mr. Fairbanks thinks that these islanders "had, doubtless, some intercourse across the calm southern seas with their neighbors of the main." This is rather indefinite, particularly as the author may be supposed to have had access to the published Fontaneda (Simancas) MS., one of the memoranda attached to which states: "Columbus discovered the Islands of Yucayo and Achiti; a part of Florida was discovered by other persons residents of Santo Domingo." The valuable notes of the translator of the Fontaneda MS. also go to show that Florida was already known to the Spaniards in 1510.

A passage at page 23 fills us, we must confess, with some alarm, as foreshadowing the possible repetition on a very large scale of the Pocahontas legend. Our author recounts the fate of some Indians captured by De Ayllon, in 1520, and impressively adds: "They were of an unconquerable spirit, and their successors upon the soil of Chicora, the gallant sons of Carolina, have vindicated their claim to be considered their descendants in their spirit of independence and bold assertion of their rights and liberties." We never before heard that any such claim was at any time made by these "sons" of well-known English, Scotch, French, and Irish descent, much less that it was disputed and subsequently vindicated. As to the unconquerable spirit of the Indians, Mr. Fairbanks relates in the next paragraph that "they all died of care and grief."

What Verazzano (p. 27) has to do with Florida is not very clear if, as the author states, he "came upon the coast of North America in about latitude 35°," and coasted as far north as Cape Cod.

At page 47, the author relieves the monotony of abridgment with this remarkable statement:

"The discovery of the Mississippi has for a long time been erroneously attributed to De Soto; but Cabeça de Vaca and his companions had rested upon its banks before De Soto set out on his expedition; and upon some high bluff by that wondrous stream should be erected a column bearing the simple inscription:

ALVAR NUÑEZ CABEÇA DE VACA  
IN HOC LOCO PRIMUM OMNIUM EUROPEORUM FUIT,  
A.D. MDXXXV."

There are serious objections both to the matter and form of this inscription. If there be any credit of discovery in the case, it should in justice be divided among De Vaca and his three companions—all equally deserving of the honor. Now, one of these was Estevanico, an African, and, in the present condition of the average Mississippi mind on the subject of the late constitutional amendments, every one will at once perceive the impropriety of erecting columns with Latin inscriptions to perpetuate the name and memory of a negro. As to the *locus in quo*—for *in hoc loco* expresses precision of locality—it is utterly impossible to designate it, and we are moreover of the opinion, for good reasons, that Vaca and his companions never "rested on its banks," nor in fact ever even saw the Mississippi.

\* "History of Florida from its Discovery by Ponce de Leon, in 1512, to the close of the Florida War in 1812. By George R. Fairbanks." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

Vaca's entire narrative is very defective in indications of his line of travel, which is made out—when made out at all—more from his mention of natural products, fruits, and animals, than by description of localities. He most probably coasted the Gulf shore of Louisiana until he passed by the mouths of the Mississippi. His route can be traced with reasonable certainty until he reaches a point on the coast west of Mobile Bay, and near the mouth of Pearl River. In what follows he neither refers to nor describes any river that would impress one who saw it for the first time as would the Mississippi. True, he speaks of passing a river "the water reaching to the breast." It might be as wide as that at Seville, and its course was very rapid." This description of the Guadalquivir would hardly answer for the Mississippi. Further on, he says, "we crossed a great river coming from the north." But this also could not be the Mississippi, for the reason that he has previously described the fruit of the *mesquite* (of the family of the mimosa and a species of *algorobia*), a tree not found east of the Mississippi, and only reached when near the Rio Bravo del Norte in going west. It must also be taken into consideration that the delta of the Mississippi in De Vaca's time was considerably north of its present position, as may be better understood by comparison of a map of the present day with the De Lisle map of 1685, so that De Vaca and his companions might have gone by water due west along the coast without interruption.

Mr. Fairbanks's fifth chapter—on the route of De Soto's expedition—is especially disappointing. The march of De Soto has well been styled wonderful, as well from its duration as from the vast extent of territory traversed by it. So wonderful was it found that the accounts given by Garcilasso de la Vega and the Gentleman of Elvas were received with scepticism by several historical scholars until the modern discovery of a third relation—that of Biedma—fully confirmed the truth of the strange story. Next in interest to the history of the expedition would be an intelligible tracing of De Soto's route by modern landmarks; and it is not at all creditable to Southern scholarship that so little has been done in this matter, if we are to accept Mr. Fairbanks's fifth chapter as the résumé of their labors. We already possessed substantially the same information in Mr. Buckingham Smith's notes and in the notes of the Louisiana Historical Society's republication of the Biedma narrative. Of course each succeeding year adds to the difficulty of such a task. Fifty years ago it could have been done with the aid of the Indian tongues and traditions, then spoken and current. Even now, knowledge of local topography and a little industry could do much. There are many localities mentioned by the De Soto chroniclers that might be as readily recognized as the junction of the Coosa and the Etowah, where the town of Rome now stands.

Mr. Fairbanks has a chapter on the expedition of De Gourgues to avenge the massacre of his countrymen by Melendez. It is fairly written, to the extent of the information supplied by his authorities. But the author does not appear to be aware of the existence of fresh historical matter upon this subject. Late investigations in France have added very materially to our knowledge of De Gourgues and his expedition. Thus, for instance, Mr. Fairbanks states (p. 143), "Of the faith of De Gourgues, we know nothing." But it is now well settled, from the letter of De Gourgues, Bishop of Bazas (29th April, 1790), and other sources, that he was a Catholic. It was as a Frenchman, not as a Catholic, that he avenged the Melendez massacre; it was as Spaniards, not as Catholics, that he executed the murderers. He is represented (p. 145) as addressing his men concerning "the shame that rested upon France for leaving so long unavenged an act so wicked and base as the murder of the Huguenots and the destruction of the French colony." The word Huguenots is not in the original,\* nor is there in the whole account, which is satisfactorily ascertained to have been written by De Gourgues himself, any reference whatever either to Huguenot or Catholic. He looked upon the matter as a purely national one, and the inscription on the tablet placed over the Spaniards hanged by him was: "Je ne faisais ceuy comme à Espagnols, ny comme à Marranes, mais comme à traistres, voleurs et meurtriers." The word Marranes has in some versions been incorrectly made *mariniers* (sailors). It is a term of reproach specially applicable to Spaniards, and signifies that they are suspected of having had Moorish or Jewish ancestors.

Mr. Fairbanks's volume is valuable as bringing within a moderate compass a history of Florida down to the close of the Seminole war, but we trust he will find some subject on which to expend his abilities of more importance than "the events of the late civil war" in Florida.

\* "Icy le capitaine Gourgue, ayant assemblé tous ses gens, leur declare comment il avoit entrepris ce volage pour aller à la Floride vanger sur les Espagnols l'injure qu'ils avoient faite au Roy et à toute la France. Il leur met au devant la trahison et la cruauté de ceux qui avoient massacré les François, etc."



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